

# MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR A SOCIETY OF FARMERS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET:—WM. BUCKMINSTER, OF FRAMINGHAM, EDITOR.

# PLoughman.

VOL. 3.

A CONSOLIDATION OF THE  
MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN  
AND THE  
YANKEE FARMER.

TERMS, \$2.00 in advance—if payment is delayed longer than three months \$2.50 will be charged.

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—All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor at Boston.

—Advertising on reasonable terms.

JOHN RAYHOLS is Agent through New England.

## AGRICULTURE.

FLOWED LAND, ROCKY PASTURES,

picked roses up single or double, in detail, and put them into a fish of water rather than see them on the cherry trees and grape vines. Some have spread sheets under their trees and grape vines and shaken the bugs into them—then into hot water.

These bugs live not much more than a month on our plants. They then lay their eggs in the ground, where they are soon hatched and the young worms are supposed to burrow below the frost. If the frost kills them we might expose them by deep ploughing before winter.

Our ingenious gardeners must invent some easy mode of destroying them while in the earth, or they must let fowls and birds prey upon them. From cherry trees they are easily shaken. Why not let the fowls come and pick them up? Has any one tried this mode of feeding poultry? [Editor.]

RIGHT OF FLOWING AND DRAINING MEADOWS.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish to ask you one question for information relating to the law, (if there is any) draining fresh, or boggy meadow, where the earth is easily drawn out, or two or three inches without any further preliminaries, with regard to a piece of land which I purchased a few years ago on the river, and since I bought it, they have raised the dam below and injured my land. What I wish to know is, whether you think it best to put it on earth or gravel to warm it after it is fall, and when you would think it best to put it on?

The next question is to kill brush; the question was brought up in one of your number backs, and I understand you to say that ploughing was the most effectual way to kill them. Now, sir, I have a piece of land which I cannot plough, I cannot be ploughed.

I am speaking to a neighbor on the subject the other day, and he thought to give it a good ploughing, and keep the cattle off for some length of time, and let the grass get up well before we turn it. I should like your mind on this subject, as I have many brush on my farm.

What I have to communicate is concerning mud; having a considerable amount of ditching done a few years ago, I wished to have good drainage, and made a number of trials of it. I saw in your last number the subject brought forward, which prompted me to tell my experience, and I do it to warn others not to try the same way of using it. I staked on the winter following, on a plain, something like thirty loads, and mixed it well in the spring before putting up the stream. You must let any excess of water flow into the old channel again before it passes your own land.

You can flow another's land by tendering the amount of damage, but you cannot drain through a land without consent. [Editor.]

POOR TINY—SHE DIED—OVERFLLOWED IN THE GAUL.

MR. EDITOR.—On reading in the Ploughman of July 29, the description of a new distemper among cattle in Mallow, (Ireland,) purporting to be copied from a London paper, we were reminded of a case very similar, if not the same, which took off a heifer of ours last fall. At the time of dropping her calf the 18th of July last year, or rather a little before, we noticed a difficulty in her breathing; soon after we discovered a small bunch about midway between her brisket and jowls. On examination at first it appeared to be a sore, but all to no purpose; still she faltered, grew weak, and there soon appeared a trouble in her efforts to ruminate. Her eyes became sunken and watery, and she dwelt on the same spot, like one in the last stages of consumption. We saw at once it must soon be all over with her—“poor Tiny—died,” as did she did. On examination we found in her throat about the gullet and windpipe hard bunches full of matter somewhat like the core of a sore. We found also similar bunches in other parts of her body. Found on opening the abdomen a large quantity of yellowish tissue about her vitals, and also in other parts of her body. This last circumstance gave us to think it might be the yellow or overflying of the gall that killed her.

As we pretend to but very little veterinary knowledge, these remarks and the description are submitted to the consideration of those more acquainted; hoping they may see cause to communicate through the columns of the Ploughman. Doubtless it will be appreciated by our readers, Mr. Editor; certainly by your humble servant.

—Action, August 22, 1844.

—If your land is flowed by another man's—It is not advisable for you to be at much expense to bring it in, English grass. A little gravel and sand may be laid on the surface of ground that may be an advantage, but you must expect it is flowed, or stock hay.

nothing your brush pasture, if you can not plough it it run to wood, or it plasters out, it sow two bushels per acre in April, and let your cattle on May.

As to past sand, you must not expect much good unless you mix stable dung or ashes with it and let it ferment well before using. Green peat will not help your crops in the heat the first season. It should be in a year, a heap, or it should be mixed with something that will rot in. The clearings of old ditches will operate better. Where snakes and frogs and tortoises have lived and died, you will often find much that is valuable for immediate use without mixing with manure or ashes.

If you would be of a hay harvest next season, from your August sowing, you must spread on a top dressing at the time of seeding. We have never held out any encouragement for sowing land in August for sowing without a top dressing of compost. [Editor.]

ROSEBUGS.—WHITE STRAWBERRIES.

MR. EDITOR.—Being a subscriber to your paper, I notice that some of your readers are in the habit of asking questions presuming I suppose, that you “know everything.” Permit me to do the same. In June of last year, and again this year, the rosebugs set to myriads upon my grape-vines, just as they were in bloom, eating the bud and blossoms on many clusters all up, and in consequence, I have no grapes this year. I have had a slight hope, as I neglected to shew the vines with sulphur and lime water. But this is not all—They lit upon my English cherries, single and double, until they completely covered every leaf and riddled them entirely.

Have you or any of the gardeners about Boston got what we call the white strawberry? I believe it is a native of the hills of Berkshire. We have cultivated it about here, for five years. It is larger than the common strawberry, and produces a great quantity of fruit, producing in succession three or four weeks. When ripe it is of a yellowish white, contrasting beautifully with the red strawberry. It has a fine flavor and when picked always cleaves from the hull. I have distributed them in Northampton and West Springfield, where they are much admired.

Should you or any of the gardeners want I can furnish you with a plant, and will send it you by rail.

They fruit the first year if not set till spring. The price will be \$1.00 per hundred bushels, and can be sent to any place desired by rail.

Yours, &c., A. GOODWIN.

—We are willing to “permit” our correspondence “presume we know everything” but we consider it a very rash presumption.

Rosebugs are excessively mischievous at a certain time in June and we have no patent plan, as the French had at the time of the revolution, to take of them. Murder by retail, when there are myriads, is tedious business—but in our own garden we have

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1844.

the eggs, larva, and in fact, the whole genus?

—PAUL BENNETT.

Lowell, August, 1844.

All humbugs and fraudulent bankrupts will have consciousness enough in their own consciences without external application. [Editor.]

## TO PRESERVE BUTTER.

We remind our female friends once more that all the important consideration in making butter that will keep well, is cleaning it thoroughly of the butter milk. Though your cream be sour and mouldy, your butter will not be half so much affected by the circumstance as by suffering butter milk to remain in the butter when it is put down.

It is well known that by melting butter over a slow fire, and thus separating all the watery parts from it, you can keep it for a long time without salt. Why not as long as you can keep tallow or hog's lard? Butter milk left in the butter is the main cause of its rancidity.

—PAUL BENNETT.

Lowell, August, 1844.

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.  
SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 7, 1844.  
William Beckminster, Editor.

TEMPORARY REMOVAL.

Our Office will be kept on the South Side of the Street, at No. 43, nearly opposite our old stand, during the Mechanic Exhibition.

A Word to Committees on Farm Stock.

Before this month elapses the Cattle Shows will commence; and should they be conducted on proper principles—on utilitarian principles, they will be productive of great advantage to New England.

Many who are conversant with our Cattle Shows know that a pretty numerous class of judicious farmers are not very well satisfied with the awards that are usually made by Committees on neat stock. They cannot be made to understand why a Durham or a Holderness cow, or ox, or horse, should obtain a premium for its name only, or for its size, without regard to other qualities.

For the dairy particularly, they cannot understand why a large imported cow should obtain a higher premium than a small native, unless it should happen that the large cow should give nearly as much milk as the small one. They understand the advantages of good "blood stock," when you have it, but they would rather begin to walk from native animals than from any select race that is distinguished for nothing but its immense size.

If any of the imported breeds of "blood stock" are now superior milkers, farmers are willing to pay a high price for them, because, being a select breed their offspring will more surely resemble the parents. But if the select breed is not now superior to our native, it is not an object to give large prices for them. For in breeding you insure mediocrity only, but if you build on our best natives you may soon secure a very superior race for the dairy.

It has been quite too customary at our shows to give premiums for the largest stock, without much regard to quality or usefulness. Committees can judge more readily of quantity than of quality; and the largest bull, hog, cow, calf, pumpkin and squash, usually command the premiums.

THE VAN RENNSELAER TROUBLES.

Since our last we learn that the Sheriff of Albany county has been treated most shamefully by a band of men disguised as Indians; who have clubbed together and agreed to prevent the service of civil process in their county. Sixty-three of them recently attacked the Sheriff and demanded his papers; he refused to deliver them though they threatened pistols at his head. He took three deputes with him, but they all deserted and made their submissions, promising never to serve again.

The savages then required the Sheriff to take an oath that he would not act longer in his office, and threatened his life if he refused. But he spurned them with the greatest contempt, and defied them to shoot him. He had so taken an oath to do his duty and he should do it. Finding they could not scare him, they tarred his feet and stockings, put on feathers and set him at liberty. But he refused to quit; he said he came with authority to levy an execution on the property of an individual and he should do it.

They seized him again and attempted to put him into his wagon with his deputies, who were for getting away as fast as they could. But he declared he would not go in the company of such cowards as his deputies were, and when they attempted to lift him into the wagon with them he kicked them from his feet and set him at liberty. But he refused to quit; he said he came with authority to levy an execution on the property of an individual and he should do it.

Mr. N. E. Day, of Lutzenburg, whose red sweet apples we recommended last week, sold a barrel of them here yesterday for four dollars. They did look handsome.

HON. SILAS WRIGHT'S ADDRESS. In our last paper we shall publish an extract from the speech of Hon. Silas Wright, in reference to the operation of the tariff on the farming interest. He spoke at Watertown, N. Y.

Mr. Wright is one of the most candid as well as able of the democratic speakers. He, like Mr. Webster, uses very civil language towards his opponents.

NEW YORK NOMINATION.—It was reported yesterday that the Syracuse Democratic Convention had nominated the Hon. Silas Wright, now a Senator in Congress, as a candidate for Governor of that state. Also Addison Gardner of Rochester for Lieutenant Governor.

BUFFALO AND CHICAGO are twelve hundred miles distant from each other, by water; a correspondent of the Boston Courier says, the Steamer *St. Louis*, 700 tons burthen, and costing \$50,000, is to make its trips from one port to the other in four days and a half, including stops. Her length is 192 feet; breadth of beam and guards 47 feet.

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THE BOSTON COURIER, No. 8 of the splendid edition of the Illuminated Bible, from the press of the Harpers, and part XVII of McCulloch's Gazetteer.

REDDING & CO. have the latest periodicals.

JORDS & CO. have the Ladies' Companion for September, with music, engravings and original tales by a dozen different writers.

THE DAILY CONVENTIONAL PROVINCIAL. The Convention met on Wednesday, and was organized by the election of Thomas F. Carpenter, Chairman. Among the speakers were ex-Governor Morton of Massachusetts and ex-Governor Hubbard of New Hampshire. The proceedings were peacefully conducted.

SPEED. The express mail with the news brought in the Hibernia arrived at N. York from Boston in quick time. It passed from Greenport L. I. to N. York, 90 miles, in two hours and forty minutes, with a train of four cars.

FIRE. The Portsmouth (N. H.) Mercury says, Mr. Peter Hardy of South Kingstown lost his house and all his furniture by a fire on Sunday morning. It is supposed to have taken from the oven.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

The steamship Hibernia arrived here on Sunday having made her passage in twelve days, including her stopping at Halifax. She brought 98 passengers from Liverpool and 19 from Halifax.

QUEEN VICTORIA has given birth to another son, to be duke of York. Messengers were immediately sent off to different foreign courts to announce the event; the Park and Tower guns were fired and the bells were rung through the forenoon.

The price of cotton had varied but little since our last advices, and the factories were fully employed.

PARLIAMENT. The session has been brought to a close, though there has been no prorogation, both houses have adjourned to the beginning of September, in order to allow those of the judges, who are now on their respective circuits, time to make up their judgment on the writ of error, moved by O'Connell and his followers, to the trial of the queen. This judgment will be unanimous in favor of the crown, and that the government, having thus been empowered to show that the repeat agitation is decidedly unlawful, and that the bar attempt to dismember the British empire will not longer be tolerated, will shortly release the prisoners from their confinement.

The parliamentary proceedings had been mostly of a routine character.

IRELAND. The meetings of the Repeal Association go off very quietly. Nothing important is done at them. The rent for the week ending August 5th was £1397 for that ending August 12th, \$946 17s.

FRANCE. The session of the French Legislature for 1844 was closed by Royal ordinance on the 5th inst.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A BOX OF VERY NICE YELLOW RASPBERRY PEACHES FROM OUR FRIEND BRACKLEY SHAW, 3d, OF EAST ABBINGHAM. He writes that his trees have just begun to bear, and he has good hopes of next year. We will remember Mr. Shaw's place. He is zealously engaged in farming and gardening, and is an enterprising cultivator.

The parliamentary proceedings had been mostly of a routine character.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT. The dramatic press:

We are called upon to record one of the most frightful accidents that ever occurred upon the road. The boiler of the engine burst last night 9 o'clock, about half past ten, and the engine, instantly killed Joseph Ward, Engineer, Mr. McCabe, Conductor, Frank Tyre and Peter MacLean, firemen, whose lifeless bodies were found several hours after, in a frightful state of mutilation in a field near by, in which lay also the boiler, which had been torn from the wheels and with irresistible force, and hurled from the wheels and wheel of the engine, which were entirely demolished.

The watch in Mr. McCabe's pocket, was found stopped at 10 o'clock, and from this circumstance the accident must have occurred at that hour last night.

At the time of the accident the train was moving in abundance, at the time, and vivid flashes of lightning were playing in the heavens, and it is supposed that a very heavy bolt of electricity struck the engine. It must have been caused by lightning, as all circumstances prove.

The mangled bodies of the slain were brought to town last night, and exhibited frightful evidence of the combined power of steam and electricity and its effect upon the engine named "Richmond," destroying her completely, tearing every joint asunder, and scattering the men and fragments in all directions.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING. On the 23d ult. in Monroe, Tennessee, Prob. 10, the Old Guard, and 200 men of the 1st Regt. were sent to the rescue of Major D. M. Dasher, and 10 to 13 years, when returning home from the orchard with a basket of apples, were instantly killed by a flash of lightning. A younger brother was with them, but escaped without a material injury.

ANOTHER SOUTHWEST RIOTER. A man named Bennett Lowe was arrested yesterday on a bench warrant, and committed to the County Gaol, and brought before the Judges on the charge of participating in the riot in Southwark. J. Murray Rush, Esq., Deputy Attorney General, testified that he saw the prisoner at the meeting held at the Commissioners' Hall the day after the battle, and heard him make a motion to proceed forthwith and hang General Cadwalader. Lowe fire a gun, and saw a man directly in the range of the shot. The man is believed to have been Rice, the Irishman, who was killed.

THE PARISIAN JOURNAL OF THURSDAY brought us the intelligence that the war between France and Morocco had been commenced by the bombing of the French Ambassador.

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**ELECTROENING IN PENNSYLVANIA.** Mr. Chandler of the United States Gazette, gives the following very pleasant account of some of the Election Scenes, on the banks of the Susquehanna:

Why should I go wandering among the mountains alone, like Jephtha's daughter? Every man, woman, and child, had entered full well into the business of electroening. Not a coal wagon crossed my track, that did not bear the cognizance of some party chieftain. Corner after corner exhibited a lofty pole of hickory or of ash, and displayed a banner with the name of favorite men and estimable measures. Tolls were hung up for Mass Meeting, and I know where the husband must be at the ballot-box, if the wife has courage enough to purchase banners and flags. Nay, I am not sure, but in most of such cases, the lady is the 'avant courrier' of the others approach—perhaps the *procurer* (<sup>1</sup>) upon whom the others are sure to turn.

Sweeping along the dusty roads or unpaved streets, the scenes of loud boys, with here and there a bare-legged girl, could be discovered, with paper caps and mud-splashed, gazing forth in honor of the most popular candidate, and in imitation of their seniors. Sure experiments, these, of political sentiment—sighing for their turn at the ballot-box, while they are unconscious of the influence they now exercise.

Groups of men, young and old, were seen at the corners, giving our ocular opinions of men, (measures) how long since ceased to occupy their attention in this region? while, aye, at the wane, women were discovered attentive to the argument, and sometimes they were heard sanctioning the assertion of some young disputant.

The side walk, the bar room, the parlor, and (for ought I know to the contrary,) the bed chamber, were scenes of party discussion, (not of party *bitterness*, so much as of party earnestness) and the salutation of "how do you do!" was sometimes exchanged for an introduction into the strength of the latest mass meeting, or the success of some popular speaker. And was I to throw myself out of this current, like a fish out of water, and be alone the wise man? It were well, were dusty at least, to do otherwise—and otherwise I did. Though I do not choose to tell you publicly which party I sided with, yet I may say that so far as my observation extended, the difference in opinion did not diminish the exercise of courtesy by the members of the antagonist party.

**NOBLE CONDUCT.** A young sailor of this city, Edward Gunning, displayed to singular advantage the proverbial courage and daring of his class, at the last fire. While the house occupied by Mr. Haynes was wrapped in flames and all communication with it apparently cut off by the burning stables and buildings by which it was surrounded, the sermons of a child were heard proceeding from the upper story of the house, and seemed paralysed with horror, as the difficulties of approaching presented themselves, and the child ran louder over the ear. The cries of the child, though God were not heard in vain, they rung an alarm in the heart of the young sailor and every generous emotion was awakened—springing forward the noble fellow dashed through the flames, mounted the burning staircase, and in a few moments the loud cheers of the admiring crowd proclaimed that the child and deliverer were both safe.

**MARRIAGE OF JOHN ROSS.** This celebrated Cherokee chief was married at Philadelphia, on Monday evening last, to Miss M. R. H. Staples of Wilmington, Delaware. The bride is said to be a highly accomplished lady of 18. Her father was formerly a respectable Quaker merchant of Philadelphia. Ross is about President Tyler's age, and is a very popular character.

**THE UNITED STATES FRIGATES CUMBERLAND AND COLUMBIA,** were off Tanger during its bombardment by the French squadron under the command of Prince de Joinville; also the British ships of the line Albion and Warspite.

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### Six Cents Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, an indentured apprentice, from the House of Industry, at Boston, by the name of GEORGE W. FARRELL, fifteen years ago. All persons are forbidden to harbor or trust him in my account as a slave, or to his contracting. Natick, Aug. 31, 1844. 3v <sup>1</sup>

##### Salt! Salt! Salt!

Two very good Wooden Ploughs, suitable for persons clearing wood land, for sale, will be very cheap, by TIMOTHY GAN, Blacksmith, near the Town House, Chelsea, Sept. 7, 1844. 2v

##### For Sale.

A small Farm, containing 36 acres of excellent land, situated by a stone wall, into mowing, pasturing, tillage, &c., having a good variety of trees, and a large quantity of building materials; buildings new and in good repair, pleasantly situated on the road leading from Parkersville to Southwicks Depot in the northwesterly part of that excellent town, Connecticut.

Sal Farm is within one-fourth of a mile from a School House, and 14 from the centre of the town. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises. D. FLAGG.

##### For Sale.

A small Farm, containing 36 acres of excellent land, situated by a stone wall, into mowing, pasturing, tillage, &c., having a good variety of trees, and a large quantity of building materials; buildings new and in good repair, pleasantly situated on the road leading from Parkersville to Southwicks Depot in the northwesterly part of that excellent town, Connecticut.

Sal Farm is within one-fourth of a mile from a School House, and 14 from the centre of the town. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises. D. FLAGG.

##### For Sale.

A Farm situated in the easterly part of Stoneham, one mile from the North Village is for sale, seven miles from Boston, and situated on the line of the Boston and Maine Railroad. The said Farm contains about seventy acres of good land, divided into Mowing, Pasturing, Tillage, and about ten acres of Woodland.

The above property was lately in the possession of George Winton, who has removed to India, and will be soon home again.

For further particulars inquire of the subscriber, in the centre of Stoneham, or of Aaron Green, North Main.

Also, a Dwelling House 30 by 25 feet, two stories high, with a barn and 11 acres of land, situated in North Main, on the corner near the Protestant Methodist Meeting House, a good stand for a store, and near the Depot of the consolidated Railroad from Wilmington to Boston.

For further particulars inquire as above. DARIUS STEVENS.

Stoneham, Sept. 7, 1844. 4v

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**A Girl Wanted.**  
A NEAT, honest, and industrious AMERICAN GIRL is wanted in a small private family. To one possessing the above qualities, a good account with place of residence, and a sum of \$1.50 per week will be paid. Any one wishing such a situation can address a line to A. B. C., Box 25, Post Office, Grafton, Mass. 4v <sup>1</sup>

##### Farm for Sale.

One of the best in Lunenburg, Mass. The Farm consists of 100 acres, well situated, containing a large house, barn, and Woodland. Upon it is an abundance of excellent fruit. The buildings are convenient and in fine order.

The house is one mile from the Meeting House, two hours ride by Railroad from Boston and is an excellent place to live.

Conditions of sale one-fourth of the purchase money in cash. The remainder secured by mortgage on the premises.

For further particulars call on JOHN COLBURN, or DAVID WALLACE, near the Meeting House, Lunenburg, or N. F. CUNNINGHAM, 38 India wharf, Boston. 3v <sup>1</sup>

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The Farm is a healthy and pleasant town within two hours ride by Railroad from Boston and is an excellent place to live.

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## THE POETS' CORNER.

[For the Ploughman.]

### THE DYING CHILD AND THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY O. W. LIVERMORE.

O'er her pale and sickening child,  
A widow'd mother pray'd!

On him she cried in accents wild,  
Let not death's hand be laid!

To spare her dear and only son,  
Of heaven she did implore!

O spare my dear beloved one,  
And I will ask no more!

Spare him as son of my years;  
As on death's couch I lay!

O spare him through my rate of tears,  
I now beseach and pray.

The mother's voice disturbed her child;  
She said, "Oh to me come!"

And then looked up and sweetly smiled  
And said, "I'm going home!"

Dear mother, do not for me grieve,  
I shall far better be!

And thou most joyfully receive,  
When thou shalt come to me."

The child now bowed and gasped for breath,  
And turned upon his side!

He was within the arms of death,  
And shortly, quickly died.

The sighs that poor mother felt,  
No mortal tongue can tell!

She sank with her dead beside her;  
And breathed a sad Farewell!

She raised to God her feeble voice,  
Where comfort she could find;

And prayed that since it was his choice,  
That she might be resigned.

But ere they laid beneath the turf,  
The object of her pride,

She bid adieu to scenes of earth,

They now lie side by side.

Brighton, Aug. 1844.

### TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

Oh cast aside the poisonous bowl,

Oh break the tyrant's chain,

Arise with proud, unfeasted soul,

And be a man again!

Sweet is the draught we pour for you,

No nitude of the vine;

But purest, brightest nectar dew,

Sweet Nature's generous wine!

The Earth, our lovely mother Earth,

O'er all her emerald hills,

Her forests, laws and bowers of mirth,

Hath pour'd sweet silver rills,

And lost? her voice is breathing up,

From every fragrant shrub,

Drink of my pure and sparkling cup,

Drink Nature's generous wine!

Then old? beware the flower wretched's bawl,

A serpent lurks beneath,

Its icy lig' shall leap thy soul

To deep despair and death.

And let not Wisdom plead in vain,

In accents all divine,

But break the tyrant's slavish chain,

Drink Nature's generous wine.

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

##### A DOMESTIC STORY.

Nothing could exceed the prettiness of the suburban cottage to which Mark Pringle took home his newly-married wife, except, (and such a comparison is indeed odious) the prettiness of the lady herself. What a picture she was! with her dark, sparkling eyes, sharp, clear, regular features, and 'weet' bin' fresh as a rose bud, but thin as its leaf, and her skin so silken in texture, and lucid in complexion, that those English maid-servants, who were then her neatest was exquisite—her hair breadth nicely—such unrumpled plaitice in cuffs and collars—always looking, as the vulgar say (the term is a very apt one) as if she was in print. How she managed I know not, for she was by no means one of those persons who sit in a room, like waxed ladies in a glass-case, merely to be looked at; on the contrary, she was very active, lively person (even in her father's house); but, exert herself as she would, no soul was ever contracted—no crease, no wrinkle was still perfect—still in print; every fold falling just as it should do, every plait precise, as if laid so, with the fixture that kept unmoved the glossy bands of her hair.

Everybody has seen Mark Pringle's place, or ditto, so great a likeness exists in all suburban cottages—the stucco front, Swiss roof, Elizabethan chimneys, and Gothic windows, always-green, trimly-grown plot, with its trees and shrubs—whereof the mould, looks richly-colored and smooth as the dust in our grandmother's agate snuff-box, the park-wire fence, the polished door, the shining knocker, the glittering windows, with their exterior jalousies, and muslin reef curtains; the serpulately pipe-clayed path, with the locked gate at the end of it; these things are as familiar to my readers as the figure of Achilles to the keepers of Troy.

And now, Mrs. Pringle's 'at home,' and the newness of wife a little worn off, and a natural disposition for setting to rights beginning to develop itself. Poor Mark! how happy he was, watching her move him and thither like a very incarnation of order, putting in the chaos of a month's bachelor's house-keeping; how good naturally stood by to see old gloves, song books, bits of string, sears, old letters,—the rogue had taken care not a single line for the snowy linen and delicate-scented sachets of Mrs. Pringle's regime; and what a world of importance was in the arched eyebrows and compressed lips of the new wife—the queen despoil in her little empire of housewifery. Order certainly looks very pretty in a week-old bridal cap and white peignoir, and as Mark Pringle's 'at home,' however, he began to look a little worse, as well as always setting to rights!

There are some women (and Mrs. Pringle is one of them) who start in life with the idea that the golden rule of domestic comfort is comprised in two words, cleanliness and economy. Instead of considering them as mere apertures, they put them in the place of the principal, and believe themselves exceedingly ill-used when their practice is found to be of the exception of the expert. It is to be met and shamed, they say, what excuse can a man have for leaving home and neglecting his wife? Alas! will this cold characteristics, wanting the sweet and simple influences of a loving and intelligent nature, satisfy the heart, or make a man's home happy? I am certain not; but let Mrs. Pringle's story tell for itself.

It was a love match on Mark's side, and one of interest on the lady's; her pretty face and neat person, joined to her character for politeness, her gravity, and her strength, all the attributes of a wife in the love he loves; and, blinded by her pretences (for Rose Cottage and the adjuncts) into a belief of her affection for him, he concealed himself on the high road to domestic happiness, 'fireside enjoyments,' &c. &c. On the other hand, Mrs. Pringle labored under no such poetical hallucinations. She entered upon her duties as if they were such only, determined, however, to be faultless in the fulfillment of them—to be the most correct, most economical, most cleanly—*in fact* the model-wife of the neighborhood!

To the working out of these principles she brought a most extensive knowledge of substances—every appliance of enjoyment was turned into a source of discontent, and that quality that can make rage decent, and the meanest cot respectable, became (by being carried to the extreme) the bane of a home replete with every means for domestic happiness.—Upon the principle of a "place for every thing, and every thing in its place," chintz and plate, &c., were locked up for show, and common articles substituted for their own use. Willow-pattern delf did duty for a double service of chinaware, and every thing in its place, was the elegant carriage of Mark's bachelor tea-table; the house was swept from the attic to the hall, for fear of soiling or wearing the carpet; the unashamed polished to such a specimen of perfection, that it became too fine for use, and poor Mark dined on water-peachy, scalded on a deal table; if he threw himself on a sofa, a look, like a pang of uncleanliness, spread over Mrs. Pringle's face, lest she should put the cushions out of shape or disarrange the false color of the carpet; and when she had the serpent, in his boots, he had only the privilege of one peg in his own hall where he might untroublously hang his hat. As for books, they stood, like the artificial vases in the hiatus of a library; to all appearance books; but no one saw a gap in their closely marshalled array.—Mirrors were moved, pictures transposed from an artificial light to the very worst, because of the want of a picture; and when the elegant carriage of Mark's bachelor tea-table was swept, the house was swept from the attic to the hall, for fear of soiling or wearing the carpet; the unashamed polished to such a specimen of perfection, that it became too fine for use, and poor Mark dined on water-peachy, scalded on a deal table; if he threw himself on a sofa, a look, like a pang of uncleanliness, spread over Mrs. Pringle's face, lest she should put the cushions out of shape or disarrange the false color of the carpet; and when she had the serpent, in his boots, he had only the privilege of one peg in his own hall where he might untroublously hang his hat. 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